

IN MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM A. LARNED.

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George H. Fisher



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DISCOURSE

COMMEMORATIVE OF

REV. WILLIAM A. LARNED,

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH LITERATURE
IN YALE COLLEGE.

BY

THEODORE D. WOOLSEY,

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

DELIVERED IN THE CENTER CHURCH, NEW HAVEN, FEB. 6, 1862.



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DISCOURSE.

I. Corinthians xv. 56, 57.—THE STING OF DEATH IS SIN; AND THE STRENGTH OF SIN IS THE LAW. BUT THANKS BE TO GOD WHICH GIVETH US THE VICTORY, THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

It is no empty or exaggerated metaphor when death is spoken of as having a sting. Insidious in its approaches, attacking every age and condition of life without distinction, severing the tenderest ties, interrupting the best laid plans, destroying the fondest hopes, bitter often in its manner of assault, leaving sorrowful memories in the survivors, dreaded by the best and submitted to because it cannot be escaped,—why should not this bitter thing be compared to a scorpion or some venomous reptile that can hide in the dust, bite the sleeper or wayfarer before he knows of its presence, and then keep its fount of poison open for some fresh victim.

Death is by the consent of mankind a bitter thing, but in what consists its bitterness? 'O death where is thy sting?'

The sting of death does not consist in *its general painfulness*. There are painful deaths and there are painless deaths. Some suffer, indeed, as if soul and body struggled hard against the force which is parting them, and others lie down in death as an infant lies down to sleep. Yet if the dying person could analyze his thoughts, and assign his feelings to their various causes, we probably should not find that the mere article of death, or the pangs going before it were more painful than many of the smaller ills of life, which have in them but little of bitterness.

Nor has the bitterness and sting of death much to do *with the manner of it*. To the human being who is summoned away, the mode of his leaving the world is, in itself considered, a thing of minor importance. Death seems to have a sting for instance when it comes suddenly and is so venomous that life yields in a moment. But this exists in the imagination or feelings of survivors, it is nothing to the sufferer himself. It is an

awful thing, when a sailboat is passing along with peaceful winds and under a fair sky, if one of the crew of friends loses his balance, falls overboard and is hopelessly engulfed in the waters; but they who have been saved in the moment of death from drowning tell us that they had suffered little pain, and they who have been resuscitated, after insensibility came on, speak of their state as one of pleasant dreams. So too when the man of contemplation in a solitary walk feels the deadly attack and in a moment becomes insensible, how short the pain, how brief the struggle, compared with that death-bed where death and life are contending long days with one another. Yet even here, when we think how much may be done to mitigate pain by affection and skill, we must decide that the pain itself is no more than what often follows a wound or accident from which no death is apprehended.

Nor again does the sting of death consist in *mere risk and uncertainty as to the future*. There are many risks which men rather enjoy than shrink from. There are speculations and hazards where excitement is the chief pleasure, and as-

urance beforehand would take away the zest. Man would be less happy if he could see his pathway all along from infancy to youth, from youth to manhood, even if that pathway were one of light and peace. The soul is made to venture, just as it is made to trust and hope. Even hope implies the existence of a power which can turn our hopes into confusion. It is not the question concerning the risk, considered as mere risk, which agitates many, but the question of the moral state of the soul. The first emigrants to a new land are not much disturbed by the risk upon the sea or the risk after landing. There may be even high enjoyment amid the dashing waves and in the novelties of a strange land and a strange life.

Nor yet is it *the separation* principally in which the sting of death consists. Here, indeed, there is bitterness in a degree—the sting attacks us in a tender point. But how many emigrants have bidden a long farewell to their native land in order to die among strangers, how many explorers, through the love of adventure or scientific zeal, have wandered away from home and friends

half their lives, how many have torn themselves from father and mother, and gone to preach the gospel among the heathen,—how many have consented to such separations and lived happy lives afterwards. For affection needs not the sight and sound of those who are dear, but they are with us in thought. There is no separation of true friends.

No! the sting of death lies not principally in the painfulness of death, nor in the manner of it, nor in the risk we run, nor in the separations which it forces upon us. *The sting of death is sin.* It is the consciousness of having a character which does not fit us for the presence of a holy God, of having sin in our purposes, aims, hopes, lives, that makes death fearful. The innocent child suffers a little, but there is no sting in death to him, for he is conscious of no evil impulses: evil is latent in him and his eye has not been opened to see the government of God. Man in a state of purity, without a revelation, could feel nothing in death. What dread is there surrounding the unknown world to him who has no sources of fear within

himself? Fear was put into us to guard us against evils of the actual present, not to excite a dread of a possible hereafter, so that the un sinning man we have supposed would not fear death, or fear what comes after death, but rather, with trust and hope, would lie down to die as he would lie down upon his bed at night.

But it is otherwise in a world of sinners, although no revelation of God's wrath against sin may have been made to them. In every race of heathen men there is a dread of spirits, because they feel themselves to be deserving of punishment. What is the meaning of those fearful tortures with which the Greek imagination made the world of darkness more dreadful, save an obscure impression that there is a divorce between God and man. Man feels that he cannot rely on God's justice, for he is a sinner without a revelation of mercy. This sense of sin it is which every where has brought men all their lifetime into bondage to the fear of death, which has peopled the world of faith and imagination with lost souls, which would create to itself a world of misery, were there none on hand.

But the Apostle goes on to say *that the strength of sin is the law*. What does he intend by these words ?

He means *in the first place* that the soul in a state of sin, when the obligations of the law are made known to it, is far from submitting willingly to the control of the heavenly rule. It comes athwart his desires, he chafes against it, in the struggle the desires grow stronger and the temporal good which is forbidden appears more precious, and so the law which was ordained for life is found to be unto death. Human nature, as yet unreconciled to God, opposes the curb which he puts on it, and in its opposition renders desire intenser, and sin stronger. Thus the proportions of sin are enlarged, its virulence,—its *sting* is increased by the law.

And he may mean *secondly* that by the law the soul becomes aware of sin, and therefore of condemnation. An Indian of our wilds in the darkness of nature has little sense of sin, because, moral being as he is, there is no light shining on him from the pure and holy source of illumination. Death therefore is not very

bitter to him, he looks into it with no profound anxiety, no questionings of himself, no suspicions that all is not right. Let the law of perfect love and holiness come nigh him, and henceforth he is another kind of man. Sin has now new dimensions: he measures it by God's character and God's command, and by the vastness of God's moral kingdom. Measuring it so, he condemns himself and is afraid to meet his Judge. The strength of sin is by the law! Who would be much afraid to die but for sin?

But thanks be to God, says the Apostle, there is something that takes away the sting of death, that gives to us who believe that victory which death always gained before. We are conquerors, yea, 'more than conquerors, through him that loved us.'

How does Christ give us this victory? *First,* by delivering us from condemnation. 'We are saved from wrath through him.' 'We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of our sins according to the riches of his grace.' The salvation must be as great as Christ can make it, must be proportioned to the sense

of sin, and to the fear of condemnation, which grow up together, the former increasing the strength of the latter so that every new discovery of our sin shows also the fearfulness of the condemnation.

But, *Secondly*, Christ gives this victory through his Spirit helping us to believe the Gospel. We hear the offer of forgiveness and without it would listen to no message from God: God's justice would drive us from his face. But something more is wanting. Fear must be overcome, so that we may cast ourselves in hope upon Christ, and be willing to commit all our interests into his hands. The love of sin must be overcome, so that we shall feel that nothing is salvation which does not save us from our sins. Our desires and purposes must aim at a life of love and holiness. Then will hope—a hope that maketh not ashamed—arise in our souls, according to a law of our nature, and we shall rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. We shall be persuaded that 'death—will not separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

Then, *Thirdly*, Christ gives us the victory over

death by leading us onward in a holy life. The spirit of heaven being begun in us here,—however imperfectly,—will tend to raise in our minds the value of salvation, to perpetuate hope, to qualify us for heaven, to throw our interests more forward into that world, and to aid our courage when any enemy of our peace alarms us. Becoming more and more united to God, we are not much afraid of any calamity : death, which was so appalling when we received the law only and not the Gospel, has now lost its terrors in a degree, for we are in the hands of a covenant Father. There are, indeed, Christians natively timid who will always remain so, but even these amid their fears and their uncertainty in regard to their own spiritual state, generally have more hope and less fear than they imagine. And there are others of a sanguine temper, who, although alarmed formerly in their state of sin by the prospect of death, can now look forward to it with serenity, yea, with joy, ‘who have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.’

Finally, Christ often secures us the victory by

giving us grace to die. This is the last help before we leave the world. In a certain sense there is nothing in this grace that is peculiar and unlike the grace which enables us to be thankful or forgiving or submissive. And perhaps some have been so schooled by trials, and by that experience which worketh hope, that they need no peculiar strength for this last great act of our human life. But there are others, contemplative, desponding, doubtful concerning themselves, who look forward to this goal with an apprehension from which a kind Savior who has their peace and welfare in his hands will relieve them: they will generally find that the great enemy, when he draws near them, is without a sting; and they will be enabled to enter another life with an act of faith like that with which they entered first into the kingdom of heaven.

Who *giveth* us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. May we not lay stress here on the present tense '*who giveth.*' It is not in all respects nor principally a *future* victory, it is already begun, or rather at every stage there is

a new contest and a new victory. If the believer had died just after first receiving Christ into his heart, the victory would have been gained already. 'Verily I say unto thee to day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' Or if in the early stages of his Christian life God had no more work for him to do here, or better employment above, he would have been a conqueror over death, with that armor which the Spirit can give to the feeblest. Faith then in all its progress is victory over death. Nay, the last contest may be less severe than many of those struggles with himself and with sin through which the believer has already passed. There are worse trials by much in this world, for the Christian, than to die.

And if so, it is of no special importance for the Christian himself how he dies. Friends may be cheered by his last moments, they may remember with consolation how they showed him their soothing love,—but as for him, what matters it how or where or when he dies, seeing he has been gaining victories over sin, the sting of death, and therefore over death itself, ever

since he believed. What if reason leave him in his last sickness and his brain rove over a world of fantasies without being awake to the reality that is upon him? He has gained the victory already. What if he fall insensible on the cold ground with no friend by? Is not his Lord there? Would he choose any other way of going to God? Shall we wish any thing better to him than his covenant God has ordered? Shall not all things work together for his good?

My friends, we are met together to honor and mourn over one who has suddenly and in an instant been called away from wife, home, relatives, college friends and pupils, a happy life, pleasant employments and a world of probation. He could utter no word, nor even by mute sign point to the skies in token of his hope. Yet we believe that death had no sting for him, that he had gained victories over death ever since he believed, that he needed no long confronting with death in order to get ready. We trust that he was ripe for God's presence. Let us look at his

life for a few moments, and while we notice its leading events and traits, let us follow that stream of religious character, which began to flow heavenward some thirty years ago.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS LARNED was born June 23, 1806, in the township of Thompson, in this State, which borders on Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The first progenitor of the family in this country, William Larned, came over in the colony led by John Winthrop, in 1630, and was the first member admitted into the church at Charlestown. Subsequently—in 1642—he settled at Woburn, and from him, through his son Isaac, and his grandsons Isaac and Be noni, respectively of Framingham and Sherburne, Mass., all of the name of Learned or Larned in the United States have descended. The head of the Connecticut branch, Deacon William Learned, a son of the second Isaac, was one of the original proprietors and first inhabitants of Thompson, then a parish of Killingly, where he settled in 1708. His grandson, Gen. Daniel Larned, a very active and useful citizen, after serving through the war of the Revolution as

an officer of one of the Connecticut regiments, repeatedly represented his town in the State Legislature, and, as a member of the Convention of 1788, bore a part in the adoption of the Federal Constitution. His son George, the father of Professor Larned and a graduate of Brown University of the year 1792, was a lawyer by profession, and resided in his native town, where he died in 1858.

William Augustus Larned entered Yale College, a bright, modest and virtuous boy, at the beginning of the Sophomore year in 1823, and was graduated with honor in 1826. The next two years were spent in teaching school in Salisbury, North Carolina. In 1828 he accepted an appointment to the office of Tutor in Yale College, which he resigned in 1831. Near the end of his Tutorship, and during the great revival of 1831, his attention was first called to the supreme importance of religion. When he came to college he was, although trained religiously by his stepmother, a thoughtless boy, and as his mind grew he began to think that many of the pretences to religion were delu-

sions, until by-and-by he fell into doubts concerning Christianity itself. Yet, as he has mentioned to his friends, the preaching of Dr. Fitch did him great good, for such exhibitions and such defences of the Gospel were too strong for his honest and logical mind to resist. But no deep alteration in his character and his life occurred until that great revival, which pervaded most parts of the Northern States, and bore abundant and hopeful fruits at Yale College. Here, while his fellow tutors, Pettingell, a man of the rarest promise, and Bushnell, now an illustrious name, were turning their eyes towards the kingdom of heaven, he too bestowed on this great subject of personal religion his earnest and serious attention. The result was that without that intense feeling which some manifest he gave himself up to the service of God, and in a solemn covenant engaged to be a follower of Christ.

Of that revival he thus speaks, the year after in a tribute to his friend Pettingell, who had died just after leaving the Tutorship. "The certainty that the Spirit of God was striving

in the hearts of many around them filled the most insensible with awe. The order and stillness which prevailed rendered the whole place sacred. It was such order as men observe who are engaged in sober realities. It was the silence of those who are deciding upon interests as enduring as eternity. With what feelings did the frequent sound of the bell inviting to the place of worship, fill the mind! With what thrilling interest was it heard that this and that friend and companion were rejoicing with a joy they had never known before."

The new views of life and new religious impressions awakened on this occasion led him to enquire anew what work God had for him, and whether his divine Master would not have him preach the Gospel. He had chosen the study of law, had during his leisure hours in North Carolina and afterwards made some considerable advances in the necessary reading, and seemed to himself both then and since to have an especial aptitude for that profession. But now, from a sense of duty and in accordance with the advice of friends, especially of Dr. Taylor, he gave

himself up to the study of theology, for the work of the ministry.

The feelings which he entertained in thus changing his career may be learned from what he writes of his friend Pettingell, who had altered his plan of life in the same way, and at the beginning of his theological studies, into which he entered with all his ardor and intellectual power, was cut down by an untimely death. "Although human laws,"—thus he writes—"may be sufficiently wide in their relations to demand the highest intellectual efforts, and sufficiently important in their effects on the interests of man to be worthy of talents consecrated to the service of God ; yet the divine system of moral government, comprehending the mysteries of redemption, is infinitely more glorious, and may employ for ever, with constantly increasing delight, the powers of the most exalted being in the Universe." He then goes on to speak of the scientific basis of theology and of its adaptation in practice to the wants of mankind in so clear and instructive a way, as to show that already,—for he was a theological student

when he wrote this—he had explored his new profession, its science and its practice, with the eye of a Christian philosopher.

From the seminary at Yale College, he was called to the care of the church in Millbury, Mass., where he was ordained in 1834.

During his short career as a pastor here, (from May, 1834 until October, 1835,) he performed his work to the great profit and acceptance of those who heard him. But his health having given way under his labors, he was led to leave the people who loved and admired him, and to listen to proposals from Dr. Beman, of Troy, and Mr. Kirk, then of Albany, to unite with them in a theological institution at the former place, which was to be under their control. Here he spent the next three years, and a little more, chiefly in teaching the languages of the Old and New Testaments, and in preaching as a colleague to Dr. Beman on Sunday afternoons. But here again his health languished, and the Seminary itself, depressed by the commercial disasters of 1837, was likewise enfeebled. He therefore, early in 1839, sought a temporary retirement

from his labor, and chose New Haven for his refuge, where during some months he gave himself up to study, particularly to that of the Anglo-Saxon language.

It was in the autumn of this year, 1839, when the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature was made vacant by the transfer of Prof. Goodrich to the theological department, that Mr. Larned was elected his successor by the Corporation of Yale College. In entering upon this office he did not deviate much from the plan which his predecessor had adopted. The same rhetorical studies with the Senior class, a similar superintendence of the compositions and the speaking, an equal or greater carefulness in preparing the students for the Junior exhibition and for Commencement,—these with lectures on the old English literature and language, occasionally delivered, formed the staple of his instructions. During the twenty-two years of his professorship he was diligent and zealous in extending his knowledge through various fields connected with his department. To some extent he studied old English and Anglo-Saxon

literature. The grammatical principles of the German philologist Becker, he thoroughly mastered, and wrote a little work for the purposes of instruction in which they were applied. All new researches in Logic and Metaphysics were examined by him : and into this department of science he entered with peculiar delight. He occupied himself, especially in the later years of his office, with the study of Greek and of Greek history, to which his text-book for the Seniors—the oration of Demosthenes on the crown—attracted him. Here the fruit of his study was a work containing notes on the speech of the great Athenian, partly of a philosophical and in a greater degree of a rhetorical character—a valuable and much labored book, which he carried through two editions for the use of his students, but which his modesty prevented him from sending out into the world, until it should more nearly reach the standard which he had in his own mind. Other essays from his pen appeared from time to time in the numbers of the *New Englander*,—chiefly criticisms in the departments of belles lettres,

logic and politics. His contributions of this kind amount to the number of twenty-seven, besides which, he was one of the editing committee of that periodical from its commencement in 1843 onward, and for one or two years its acting editor.

Amid such duties, and with such additional self-imposed labors, the years of his professorship passed happily and usefully away, not without ill health in the earlier period of his office, but cheered ere long and brightened by domestic love. The noiseless flow of duties performed in unpretending simplicity had a sudden end. It was as if a clear gentle stream that filled its banks should all at once pour over an immense rock, and lose itself in some great lake or river. The circumstances of his last walk on which he met his death, as discovered since that event, are full of a peculiar and precious interest. He was uncommonly systematic in his exercise, and had set out from home on Monday afternoon last, the third of February, about three o'clock for this purpose, taking the direction towards the house of

a friend a little out of town. In the absence of the family the house was under the charge of a poor woman, in whose welfare and in that of her children he had long taken an interest. Here he staid about half an hour, spending the time chiefly in hearing the Sunday school lessons which their teacher had set them. While here he complained of a pain in the head, remarking that he had it when he left home, and that it was no better for the walk. This headache was the precursor of an attack upon the brain which caused him, while returning home, to fall prostrate upon the track of the railroad a little above Prospect street, which took away his consciousness and power of utterance almost instantly, and closed his life about six o'clock.

We must endeavor now to take a brief impartial survey of the character, intellectual, moral and religious, of our beloved and honored friend. The leading quality of his mind undoubtedly was logical and philosophical power—the power of exploring the laws of the human mind, as disclosed by consciousness, of seizing on principles,

of exhibiting them in a clear statement, and of bringing them into an orderly method. It was natural therefore that the study of mental philosophy in all its departments should have attractions for him, and that he should examine and pass judgment on the new views in this science. So also that part of rhetoric which has relations to the laws of thought and to language as their exponent was the portion of the art in which he most excelled. He had a sound judgment in regard to the validity of arguments, the arrangement of topics, the fitness of style to express the desired thought. On the other hand his aesthetic power, although naturally good and greatly cultivated in the course of his training, did not attain to the same degree of strength with the logical faculty. Yet he was alive to the beauties of nature, art and literature: he had a severe, simple, honest taste which rejected all false ornament, all that was useless for the main point and that pleased the mind at the expense of the progress of the subject; he hated and condemned that vicious rhetoric which aims at dis-

play instead of controlling and even pruning the native outbursts of the soul. Hence his taste as a teacher of Rhetoric was of great use to the College, for it had truth and honesty for its foundation.

Professor Larned's moral traits were very happily blended, and he was prepared by them for all the kindly interchanges of companionship, friendship and love. If he had had no religious principle, he would have been, most probably, a very amiable man, a kind neighbor, a reliable friend, an ornament and joy of the domestic circle. On this native stock was engrafted a humane and benevolent way of judging concerning others. If his sense of justice or indignation against wrong-doing led him to hold any in disesteem, he was guarded in his expressions of condemnation, mild in admitting pleas on their behalf, and far from harboring resentment. He was a friend whose offices were not confined to manner and form, but he rendered services to others in numberless ways which will not soon be forgotten. In the general intercourse with the world he

was lively, social and interested in others. To his colleagues in the College faculty he ever showed a fraternal spirit. In the nearest connexions of life, he was all that affection could claim or desire.

Professor Larned was a person of great purity, simplicity and honesty of character. Every thing base and low seemed to be instinctively repelled by his mind, and to leave no trace upon it. He was true and sincere in his professions, not given to exaggeration, but rather undemonstrative, and feeling more than his words imported. He was plain, simple and unpretending in his habits, tastes and judgments; the remark which we have already made in regard to his taste in matters of style, will apply to his opinions and feelings in general. He was unambitious, contented and humble; in fact a tendency to underestimate himself, a timidity in carrying out plans, which depended on himself for execution, prevented him sometimes from accomplishing that to which he was fully adequate, and prevented others from doing him full justice. He was true-hearted and faithful, not

warped by suspicion or jealousy, but as trustful of others as he was true himself.

To these amiable and lovely endowments of nature, religion brought its aid, by purifying them from the corrupt degenerating influences of a worldly life, enlisting them in her own service, and ennobling them in the companionship of spiritual affections. We have already seen that in the year 1831 there was a turning point, clear to his own mind and to others, in his character. He viewed this change then, to quote his own words, as a "hearty permanent choice of God as the portion of his soul, and of his law as the guide of his life. If really made, it was a change in the whole moral man, for it was a change in that permanent governing principle of the soul from which all moral actions derive their character." From these views of spiritual religion he never swerved. His hopes, though he seldom spoke of himself, are believed to have grown brighter, until, in his last years, he who was desponding and tremulous became fitted to cheer and comfort others. His life was pure, dutiful and holy, not

marked during the earlier years of his connexion with Yale College by many demonstrations of pious feeling beyond the inmost circle of friendship, and showing steadiness rather than strength. But this is what all his friends of the household and kindred as well as of the academic fraternity have noticed and often spoken of,—that during the last six or seven years he has manifested the life within him more and more, and that he has been growing in the Christian spirit. This was seen in the weekly meetings of the College church, which he regularly attended, where he brought forth the treasures of a deep-thinking and contemplative mind, greatly to the benefit of his brethren. It was seen in his love for the Scriptures, which he studied on the Sabbath to the exclusion of other books. It was seen in the assiduous love with which he supplied the consolations of the Gospel to those who leaned on him for support. He was thus getting ready to die without knowing it. His last acts were acts of Christian love, which would never have been open to the eyes of the

world if he had lived. "Thanks be to God who *giveth* us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He thought much of late, and, when religion was the theme, talked much of *Christ*, as ever living, as being a continual presence and life to the Christian. One of his last prayers in the family on the day before he died began with thanks for the truth, for the truth of the Gospel. *The victory was through the Lord Jesus Christ.* Many things, he said lately, were dark to him,—for though he had thought deeply on the theory of religion, he found many difficulties which he could not solve—but he could receive and hold on to Christ. There was his strength.

Let us, my friends, be quickened into a better and holier life, as we think of the uncertainties of our pilgrimage, and the possible suddenness of its end. Let those of us who have been his companions in the daily rounds of College duty live closer to God, and become more earnest to promote the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of those who are placed for a time under our trust. Let the students lay now in youth a

foundation of godliness, so that it shall be no matter how or when they die, in youth or age, on land or sea, upon a bed of sickness or by a sudden stroke, since Christ is every where giving the victory over death to his followers. Let the happy and respected circle of his relatives be his followers so far as he followed Christ; let them rejoice in all the evidences of his worth, and be getting ready for other breaches—that Christ may give to them successively the victory over death. Let that one tenderest and fondest friend be enabled to stay herself on Christ; let her be afflicted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed. That will be her present victory over death, and by the grace of the Lord she shall yet sing songs of praise for his mercies.

Finally in all hearts let there be a sacred union of sorrow and joy. He who like our deceased friend, has gained the final victory over death is the most to be envied of us all.

In Memoriam.

PROFESSOR LARNED was of a family distinguished for intelligence, bookish habits, conspicuous honesty and singular kindness of heart. As a boy he was dutiful, modest and industrious. He early cherished the desire to receive a college education. This desire seemed at one time likely to be disappointed, but was happily gratified under circumstances that were most creditable to his filial deference and to the interest which his early promise had awakened in the mind of his discerning instructor.* In college he was a slender and handsome youth, shy yet not indisposed to society. As a student he was enterprising, faithful and regular, excell-

* Mr. Simeon Colton, then principal of the Monson Academy, writes thus to young Larned's father, the week before he entered college: "I have rarely met with a young man with whose general deportment and proficiency as a scholar I have been better pleased. * * * His mind is of a high order and if I mistake not he is capable of being elevated to the first ranks in life. I speak this not as a matter of course, but from a serious conviction of its truth, with a view to show that it is worth considerable exertion to give him a complete education."

ing most in literary studies. He was especially prominent as a debater in the Linonian Society, being often upon the floor in its weekly discussions in which he was stimulated to excel by constant encounters with the keen wit and broad humor of Julius Rockwell and the strong sense and elegant diction of Cortland Van Rensselaar. In his college class he associated very intimately with the solid and logical David L. Seymour and the elegant and graceful Hugh Peters. It was his distinct and only aim at that time to be a successful lawyer—accomplished in solid scholarship, elegant literature, and graceful and ready utterance. His aims for self-improvement were higher than is usual among students of his age. Certainly his plans for private reading and study were more systematic and better considered and the range of his reading was far wider and more liberal than is common, even with the most aspiring. These plans he prosecuted with diligence and steadiness after he left college, while teaching at Salisbury, N. C. He returned to New Haven with great pleasure and entered zealously upon those duties of a Tutor, which gratified his love of the classics and his interest in writing and speaking, and also upon the study of the law, which fired the ardor of one who hoped to shine at the bar and in public debate. Before and after his adoption of theology as his chosen profession he steadily read and studied—wrote and de-

bated, with the industry and perseverance of an aspiring and liberal scholar. While he was a Pastor he was systematic in his plans, persevering in his labors, sanguine in his hopes and greatly beloved as the wise instructor and sympathizing friend of his flock.* At this time his health began to fail and the series of illnesses commenced which greatly embarrassed his efforts and depressed his spirits for many years. But the papers and memoranda which he prepared during his Pastorate and his Professorship at Troy afford interesting evidence of an unflagging zeal in study and the most thorough preparation for every service. In the same spirit and with similar enterprise he entered upon the peculiar and trying duties of his Professorship in Yale College. His sufferings from that disease so formidable to the scholar—chronic dyspepsia—served greatly to aggravate a certain constitutional timidity that was in strange contrast with the ardor, frankness and openness of his disposition, and the logical clearness and philosophical strength of his intellect, qualities which but for this constitutional

* A very intelligent lady who resided at Millbury during his Pastorate, writes thus of him: "No Pastor was ever more admired and idolized by his people. His teachings were so superior to those to which we had been accustomed, his range so much wider and his culture so much more advanced that he gave an impulse to the whole people."

defect would have made him a bold, positive and aggressive instructor. This tendency, increased by disease, prevented him from doing justice to his own thoughts and opinions and often interposed like an evil genius to take away the courage which was needed to give weight to his valuable and well considered thoughts and to transfer to his pupils the sentiments and aspirations which glowed so fervently in his own soul. He was moreover excessively sensitive, being by nature almost feminine in his sensibilities, while his heroic and patient disposition enabled him to go on quietly in any way of duty. His manners were often those of a bashful boy, while his intellect was clear, solid and discriminating. He carried this shyness and apparent self-distrust into his private and familiar intercourse, never assuming even with a single individual though far his inferior, the air of one who dogmatically lays down an opinion or pertinaciously insists on carrying his point. But though Professor Larned was not aggressive or demonstrative as an Instructor, he exerted a constant and an all-pervading influence upon the tastes and opinions of the students. It was well understood what were his views in respect to thought and style and the best methods of culture in both. Whenever there was a disposition to transgress these principles, he was present in spirit, if not in person, to detect and reprove the error, whether in

method or in taste. It was always most interesting to notice how readily and enthusiastically he detected the signs of literary promise in any student, how closely and carefully he watched the progress of the superior writers and speakers in every class, how warmly he appreciated their efforts and how fondly he dwelt upon the peculiar merits of each. His critical judgments upon books and writers were severe and rigidly enforced, and they were valued by his colleagues even more than they were aware while he lived. His chosen field of instruction was the Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown and the Greek, the History and the Rhetorical relations of this oration occupied his earnest and faithful study for years. The Introduction and Notes which he committed to the press called forth the warmest approval from the lamented Pres. Felton. The last unfinished sentence to which his pen was applied was written for the final revision of matter which he had previously revised again and again. The services which he rendered to the college were great and constantly increasing in value, so that he left his department in its practical operation far better than he found it. To his vigilant and constant supervision is it owing that Yale College still holds fast with unflinching faith to her traditional abhorrence of "fine writing," and the fundamental maxim that true eloquence is not inconsistent with clear thought and sim-

ple speech. The diligence and enterprise of Prof. Larned in his private studies, to the end of his life, were consistent with his early beginnings. He was ardently and generously devoted to the interests of the college and ready to sacrifice himself at all times and in any manner for its welfare. He was public spirited, ever warmly interested in the prosperity of the city and prominently identified with important enterprises undertaken for its wealth and growth. He loved his country—how faithfully those know who observed how anxiously for years he watched the signs of the coming conflict while they were distant and uncertain, and how painfully he sympathized with the successes and defeats which checkered the history of the strife to the very hour of his death. He loved his friends with the warmth and hilarity of a boy and he clung both to old friends and new with an unfaltering and unabated attachment. He was transparent, confiding, of warm and ready sympathies, and it is not surprising that he was greeted in every circle and welcomed in so many households. He loved his birth place and early home, and to it he made glad and repeated pilgrimages, never tiring of its scenes, but clinging to them more and more strongly. To his parents, brothers and sisters and their families and children he was adviser, friend and lover. In his own house he was cheerful, kind and sympathizing. To the relatives who were inmates

of the household, he was counsellor, play-fellow and friend all in one. To his familiar visitors he was full of exuberant life and his greetings were warm and hearty. Even now one looks for his animating presence in those deserted apartments and cannot but long for his inspiring welcome and his cheerful voice.

As a christian believer he was intelligent, enlightened and thoughtful, but prayerful, childlike and fervent. Though always fixed in his faith and most exemplary in his life, yet in the later years of his life his piety became more outspoken, his trust in Christ more tender and truthful, and his anticipations of heaven for himself and those whom he loved, more vivid and spiritual. He stood watching and waiting for his Master, and to him we doubt not was at once fulfilled the blessing pledged to "that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing." Though his summons was sudden and most distressing to the stricken and sorrowing of his household, to the college and the community, yet to himself it was a blessed fulfillment of the desire of the Apostle, "Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of Life!"

NOAH PORTER.

YALE COLLEGE, March, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. LARNED:—

You have already learned that when our nearest friends are taken away from us, we do not come at once to a full knowledge of the change which has been wrought. Our first feeling is that of loss. We miss the departed. We miss the step, the voice, the smile, the act of kindness, the word of counsel, and what is more than all else, the presence. But after a time we begin to become accustomed to our loss, and are less frequently startled by a sudden realization of it; and the sounds and sights which once made complete the harmonies of our every day life and gave it its cheerful brightness, begin, against our consent even, to lose a little of their first distinctness, and sadly threaten to fade away more and more in the long course of years. But we need not lament this unavoidable necessity of our nature, for that which is material will in time elude us somewhat, in spite of our love. We need not lament, I say, for we have a grand compensation. We find indeed that we no longer now listen for the voice of our friend or look for his cheering presence in the body; but we also find, to our surprise perhaps at first, that while we have lost the earthly form and have come to the full realization of that loss, we have been recovering the friend himself,—that he has put away his earthly habiliments and has returned to us, and has become and will henceforth

ever be to us a part of our deepest, our most real life. He is not exactly what he was before, for he cannot partake with us in our earthly occupations, nor counsel us concerning our earthly plans; but yet how plainly, but gently, does he bring to our souls the divinest heavenly counsels and comforts. He helps us to make light of earthly trials and to strengthen our souls with faith and prepare them for the great ushering-in which awaits us. Thus time, which took away our friends and seemed at first to leave us alone in our grief, soon brings them back in a purer attire to be with us an ever-abiding power and treasure.

When death seals up the lives of the good and commits them to the safe-keeping of mindful hearts, does it not always leave more than it takes away? Does not the undiverted eye within now see what the outward eye never saw so steadily? They once walked at our side in something of the beauty of a heavenly spirit,—the beauty of truth and sincerity, of love, of faithfulness, of faith, that faith which gave earthly acts a touch of heaven. Have these gone down into the darkness of the grave? There is a natural body and it perishes, but the graces which adorn the spirit live, not only with the departed but for the survivor also.

I did not think of writing thus when I took up my pen, but was designing to say a few words respecting

Mr. Larned as I had observed him in his every day life at college. You know that he was my near and only neighbor in the Lyceum, where he spent a large portion of his time in his college room. That was his place of labor. And he had the spirit of labor. There was no disposition to idleness in him. Useful and worthy industry was in a measure the expression of his life. Still he was very social. It heightened his enjoyment of his own labors to awaken the interest of others in them. You know how intensely he occupied himself with his department of instruction, how he labored on his *Demosthenes*, how he studied and investigated the nature of *The Sentence*, and wrote and re-wrote on the subject. But all this did not diminish his interest in his friends and in passing events. I shall never forget with what enthusiasm he used often to burst into my room to announce some important news and to give expression to his own views or hopes connected therewith.

If any one should ask me what was the chief achievement of his life here as a professor I should say that it was his success in teaching the fundamental and most important rules of style,—the rules which all are capable of learning and practising. He might have aimed at more, but he might thereby have accomplished less. But he who teaches class after class of so large an institution as this how to write logically,

that is, to write with unity, harmony and clearness, and thus with more or less of strength, who impresses the whole college with the feeling that no amount of rhetorical ornament, however beautiful in itself, can compensate for a violation of these principles of style, that no composition has any great merit unless the writer can give a logical analysis of it and show the bearing of each part on the main proposition, has really accomplished a great deal for the department of rhetoric. Indeed one might almost say that he has accomplished enough, for he may almost feel sure that the student will do the rest for himself, each according to his own gift; for what he has learned will be of the first importance to him, whether he is to be poet or orator, metaphysician or essayist. Mr. Larned, with great singleness of view apparently, laid hold of this as the most useful result of rhetorical instructions, and he met with success in his efforts to secure it. He had great contempt for rhetorical display, and the body of the students sympathized with this feeling.

But I will not write more, although I fear I have given you no new thought. You knew your dearest friend better than any one of his colleagues did, however deep the sympathy which they claim in your abiding sorrow.

THOMAS A. THACHER.

YALE COLLEGE, March, 1863.

DEAR MRS. LARNED :—

My impressions of Mr. Larned, as he appeared from day to day in his own home, are altogether pleasant. His cheerful equanimity at once occurs to me as a marked trait. Although naturally sensitive, he seemed established in his self-control—never giving way to little disturbances of temper, from which, probably, few men in their own households are wholly exempt. It is difficult to think of him as using the language of impatience, so contrary would it be to his habit and principle. As far as possible from being stiff in any of his ways, there was yet something truly dignified in his every-day demeanor at home, owing to this quiet, unvarying self-control. He was above indulging petty feelings of any sort. The vivacity of Mr. Larned was another delightful trait. When free from labor and care, he entered with lively sympathy into present things and little things. His freshness of feeling lent a singular charm to his manners and conversation. None of us can forget his hearty—almost boyish—laugh, whenever there was anything to call it forth. His talk was often humorous and playful; in particular with young people, whom, if he endeavored to aid, he would also, without endeavoring, amuse. The benevolent character of Mr. Larned appeared in his conversation, especially in his entire abstinence from censorious observations and from unnecessary, even if well-

founded, fault-finding. All comments of this character he invariably discountenanced. Whenever conversation took this turn, passing beyond an innocent, humorous notice of men's faults and peculiarities, he either by silence or by some other method, suggested a change of topic. In fact, Mr. Larned was not only perfectly genuine, as free from all affectation; but he was also a thoroughly good man. He could bear the severe test of intimacy; for daily intercourse with him had the effect not to diminish, but continually to augment, the respect which one entertained for him. The sterling virtues of his character shone forth more and more. One felt that he was a man to be trusted,—a *faithful* man in every relation of life, and no where more so than within the circle of his own household. He was one for the heart of her whom he loved most, to rest upon, with no shadow of misgiving lest his solicitude and tenderness should for a moment fail. The religious character of Mr. Larned appeared to grow out of deep and enlightened convictions, and was therefore utterly free from everything artificial. He had reflected upon the subject of religion long enough to define in his own mind the metes and bounds of his own possible knowledge, and this occasioned that mixture of clear and bold convictions, with avowed, humble ignorance, which was manifest to all who knew him well. Mr. Larned's want of self-confidence has

often been remarked upon. But there may be danger here of misapprehension. He had a kind of self-confidence—a firm and manly confidence in the judgments of his mind upon any subject to which he had devoted study. He was not shaken by the dissent of other persons. In alluding to the christian excellence of Mr. Larned, it is natural to recall the part he took during the last years of his life, in the Friday evening religious meetings of College. On these occasions, his remarks, which must have been uttered generally without premeditation, described the breadth of his mind, the strong grasp he had upon principles, and his power of expressing valuable thought in an earnest and effective style. No one could witness his animated and impressive manner, as he warmed with his theme, and spoke, as if borne forward by a deep, strong current, and not feel that he *might be* a very eloquent man. Had he chosen a different career, or had he been less deficient in a certain tact, which together with his sensitive nature, prevented him from appearing much before the public, I am certain that he would have exerted a wide and commanding influence. Probably his professional employment heightened a natural tendency to be over critical upon his own performances; so that he composed with labor, and though a solid and able writer, his published essays are an insufficient index of his powers. It would be an easy and a grate-

discovered

ful work to dwell upon the excellencies of our departed friend, but the loving recollection of those who knew him best and therefore respected him most, will vividly retain them, until the reunion takes place in the many mansions of the Father's house.

GEORGE P. FISHER.

YALE COLLEGE, March, 1863.

YALE COLLEGE, February 7th, 1862.

Mrs. LARNED :—

The Senior Class unwilling to intrude unwarrantably upon your grief, feel that their intimate relations with Professor Larned give them a claim to make this expression to you of their earnest sympathy; to mention to you, who can best appreciate their feelings, their own deep regret and sense of loss; and to acknowledge to you, who can best understand its justice, their admiration of his character and acquirements. Their loss has been sufficient to give them an impression of your own; their regret is not only for their own loss, but more widely because another consistent Christian Teacher has gone out of the world. To them he seemed an accomplished scholar, a successful worker and thoroughly a Christian gentleman; who while he instructed them in the learning of his own mind, taught them the wisdom of virtue by the attractive-

ness of his own example. They desire to express to you, therefore, their serious sympathy and regret; and to assure you that as the value of his teachings can be but opening to them now, so, as they grow older, they will ever have new reason to treat his memory most tenderly.

Our Class in selecting us to communicate these sentiments to you, Mrs. Larned, give us the opportunity to express for ourselves again, our sense of the importance to us of Professor Larned's instruction and example, our personal gratitude for his constant kindness and our sincere affection for his memory. Estimating him as we do we cannot fail to have the sincerest sympathy for you; feeling, however, none the less that one who so carefully dedicated himself to Christ, could only have gone willingly, as he could only go rightfully, wherever He should most profit by him.

Very truly,

EDWARD B. COE,
WILLIAM P. KETCHAM,
RICHARD MORSE, and
FRANKLIN McVEAGH,
for the Senior Class.

The funeral services of Professor Larned took place Thursday afternoon, Feb. 6th, under the direction of his friend and associate, Professor Thacher. His colleagues with their families assembled at his house at 2 o'clock, and, after a prayer offered by Professor Fisher, accompanied his bereaved relatives with the remains to the Center church. Messrs. E. H. Bishop, William W. Boardman, Edward C. Herrick, Dennis Kimberly, William H. Russell, Joseph E. Sheffield, Thomas R. Trowbridge and Henry White, acted as pallbearers. As the procession entered the church Mr. Stœckel performed a voluntary on the organ on themes from Elijah,—the Trio: "Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes," &c., and the Choral, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he will sustain thee."

After the singing of the hymn

"Why should our tears in sorrow flow,"

to music—a Prayer by Zöllner—passages of Scripture were read,* and a prayer was offered by Professor Porter. The next hymn:

"Let saints below in concert sing,"

was sung to a choral by Vogler and was followed by the sermon by President Woolsey.

The hymn after the sermon:

"Give to the winds thy fears,"

* John, xi, 21-26. 2 Cor., v, 1-9. 1 Thess., iv, 13-18.

was read by the Rev. Dr. Fitch and was sung to the tune of Gorton (Beethoven).

While the procession, which was now increased by the students of the College, in the order of the classes, was leaving the house, a funeral march by Beethoven (opus 26) was given by the organ.

At the grave, after the body had been lowered to its resting-place, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Bacon.

“ Why should our tears in sorrow flow,
 When God recalls his own ;
 And bids them leave a world of wo
 For an immortal crown ?

Is not e'en death a gain to those
 Whose life to God was given ?
 Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
 To open them in heaven.

Their toils are past, their work is done,
 And they are fully blest :
 They fought the fight, the victory won,
 And entered into rest.

Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
 God has recalled his own ;
 And let our hearts, in every wo,
 Still say,—‘ Thy will be done ! ’ ”

“ Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone :
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven are one.

One family we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death ;

One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

Some to their everlasting home
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die.

Lord Jesus, be our constant guide ;
 And, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.”

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“ Give to the winds thy fears ;  
 Hope, and be undismayed ;  
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
 God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
 He gently clears thy way ;  
 Wait thou his time : so shall this night  
 Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart ?  
 Still sink thy spirits down ?  
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
 Bid every care begone.

What, though thou rulest not ?  
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
 Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
 And ruleth all things well !”

## REVIEWS, &amp;C., WRITTEN BY PROFESSOR LARNED.

For the Quarterly Christian Spectator, Vol. IV :—

Sketch of the Life of Mr. Amos Pettingell.

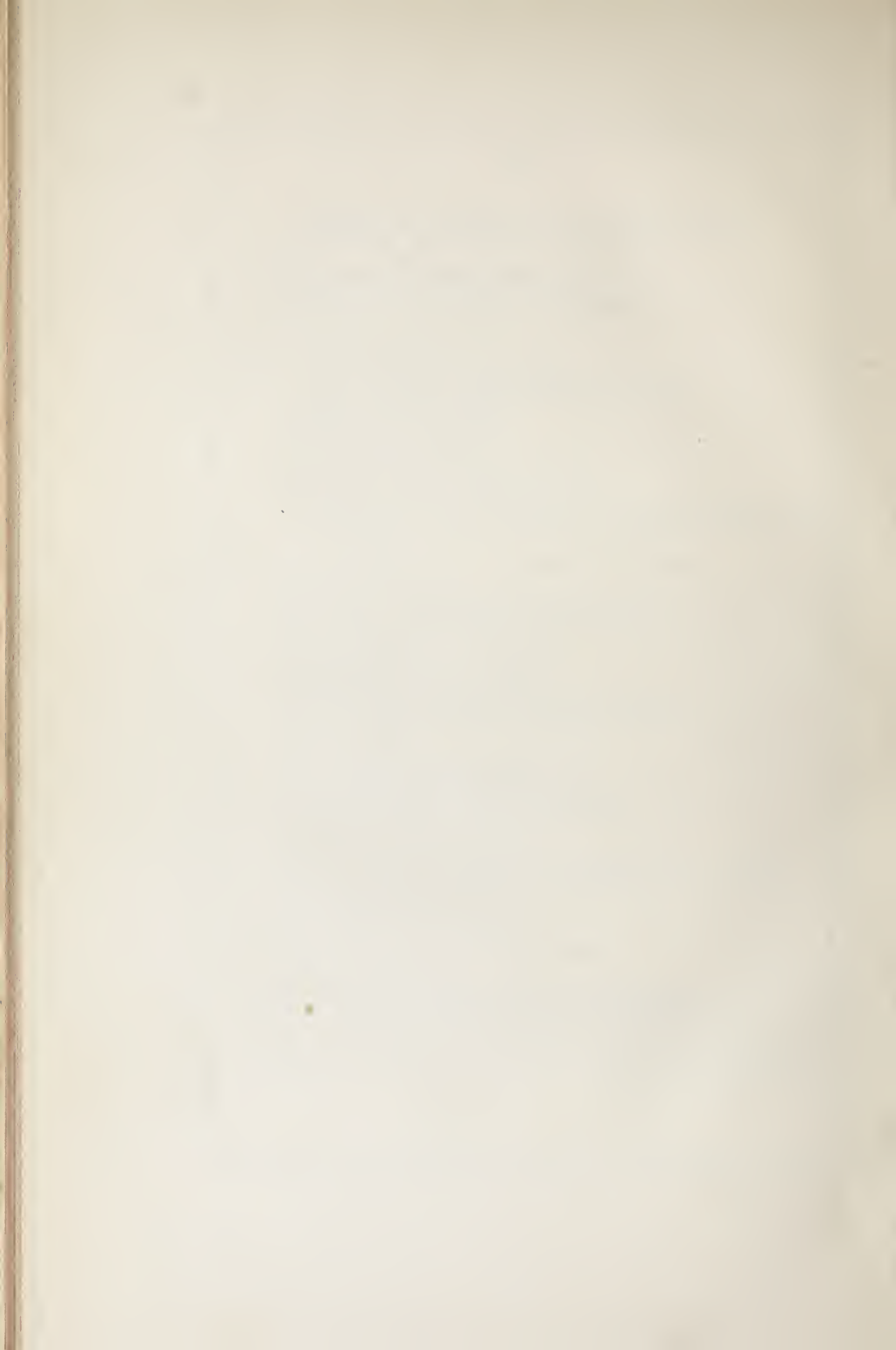
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